

# Sunday Advertiser

WALTER G. SMITH : : : : : EDITOR.

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## SUMNER IN MORE PERIL.

The wolves are still circling around John K. Sumner and his \$48,000. Yesterday a notice was served on various officials by attorneys of the Ellis claimants, warning them against the payment to Mr. Sumner of his own money. Tomorrow the fight to dispossess him of it will be resumed in the Circuit Court.

No one who knows the ins and outs of this famous—or infamous—case, believes that the attorneys for the Ellises expect to win at any bar of justice. That is not the visible object of the appeal. It is rather to worry the defendant into a moneyed compromise. Mr. Sumner is not only old, sick and racked in nerve, but his property in Tahiti requires his care. His wife who is as aged as himself—so old that she was a grown woman when she came here long decades ago on the frigate which landed and protected the French priests—is unable to look after his property. His cattle are being stolen; his crops are being wasted. When the old man thinks of these things he cannot sleep and lately insomnia made him ill of fever. A little while ago he was harassed into agreeing to a compromise for large sums, but when the attorneys for the Ellises found him in a mood to yield something, they demanded more. Mr. Sumner says that they had arranged their own fees with their clients; but when Sumner's money was in sight they demanded that he should pay them also. These worthies wanted to get the dollars coming and going. At this hold-up the old man balked and the recent proceedings followed. It was plain all through the trial, that a compromise was what the Ellises wanted. Hints were thrown out for the purpose of frightening Sumner into the belief that the case could be kept in the courts for years. One attorney harped on an appeal to the United States Supreme Court; even Sumner's own attorney, who has never been inhospitable to big fees, said that the case might take two years to finish. Everything possible was done to make the old man surrender the bulk of his fortune and leave with a pittance. Stubbornly he held on until the court found for him.

But the wolves never tire. They are snapping and snarling again about the tottering form of their victim. Tomorrow the old man will be again worried by the pack. If he gives up without further battle the legal carnivora will be satisfied. They may have all they want then, for John K. Sumner is fast reaching the point where he is ready to buy peace at any price.

## THE WHITE MAN IN THE TROPICS.

The popularity in these Islands of athletic sports is an encouraging sign of the times. Not only are clean contests of physical skill and endurance a means of keeping young men out of the groggeries and of entertaining crowds with manly spectacles, but they go a long way to solve the question of whether the white man can thrive in the tropics. The right kind of sport stops the physical and moral deterioration that comes to a northern race which, when transplanted to a warm climate, gives itself up to complete relaxation. Idleness under the vertical sun is the forerunner of decay, not only for whites but for aboriginal natives. In the days when the Hawaiians had to struggle for existence by wresting food from the elements—when they were farmers, huntsmen, fishermen, warriors and navigators—they were as perfect a race physically as were the ancient Greeks. The coming of the white man, his paternal care, the creation of charities and easier means of livelihood, gradually changed the conditions of native life until now the majority of Hawaiians do nothing but hard work unless driven to it by the last degree of want. A few years ago a Coast writer said he had never seen but one Hawaiian doing anything and he was falling off a house. That story made up in wit what it lacked of strict veracity; but there was enough of truth in it to point a moral. The general result of this racial idleness is seen in both mental, moral and physical degeneration. Kamainas who visit the new American port of Pago-Pago speak of the natives there as resembling the Hawaiians of fifty years ago. They are stalwart active men and healthy, comely women and children, mentally alert and unmoral rather than immoral. Physically, the difference between them and their kindred, the modern Hawaiians, is strongly marked. But as certain as the time will come when they shall lapse into sloth under conditions which enable them to live without hard work, they will begin to decay.

So much more the unacclimated white man. Coming from his crisp, ancestral climate, losing the stimulus of cold air and changing seasons, he must, unlike the natives, make himself over to meet the demands of a new world of warmth and ease. His vitality must stand heavier drafts than that of the native; he must constantly renew his strength and mend his stamina. He cannot do this by eating more; rather should he eat less. Experience teaches that if he is to keep well—and keep his posterity well—he must take regular, systematic and even fatiguing exercise in the open air. This keeps his liver in order and his blood in active circulation and arrests decay. The benefit derived is not for himself alone but it extends to the third and fourth generation.

Hence the value of any pastime here which employs physical strength. Young white men who frequent the cricket field and join the flying wedge and hurl the ball are doing themselves more good than they may know and are, besides, fitting the race for tropical conditions. Perhaps they are doing better than that. It may be that they are creating a finer type of the race than the one their fathers brought from the old home. Open air life the year around does wonders for the white man in California who now averages better in height, breadth and vitality than his Eastern brother; and, with proper exercise added, it ought to have the same effect here. The white Hawaiian of 2003 should be a physical giant and have a long average of life. If he is he will have his ancestors of 1903 to thank.

But there is one peril in athletics, a purely moral peril, which every young man of sense should avoid. That is the betting habit. It has ruined scores of people in Honolulu and we know of no instance where it has enriched one. Eliminate this danger and athletics becomes one of the most satisfactory of the uses to which a young or middle-aged man can devote his spare time.

When Mazatlan announces in one telegram that a third of the population has bubonic plague and in another closely following it, that six persons died of the disease in one day, it looks as if the "plague" might turn out to be an epidemic of grip.

## SUNDAY ADVERTISING.

Business men who have studied advertising as an art, find marked advantages in the Sunday paper. It is only necessary, in saying so, to refer the reader to the Sunday and weekday editions of the mainland press, which, by comparison, tell the whole story. For example, the San Francisco Sunday Chronicle of December 28, contained approximately seventy columns of advertising matter not embracing paid local, while the Chronicle of Monday, December 29, contained about nineteen columns, a difference of fifty-one columns in favor of the Sunday issue. Substantially the same proportion is to be found in the journals of Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis and New York.

It is noticeable that the heaviest advertisers, those who expend the largest sums in publishing trade announcements and are most sensitive in the matter of returns, buy extra space in the Sunday editions at an extra price. Dry goods houses, real estate dealers and the "want" class are among the most conspicuous Sunday patrons. These classes have long since passed the stage of experiment. They know precisely what they are about, the first two named having their capital at stake and the last named one its chances of employment and all wanting to be on sure ground. After trying all advertising methods they have settled upon the best. Their reasons for Sunday preference as regards space are simple and business-like and quite unanswerable.

As shrewd investors they know that in a weekday paper, the advertising columns are sought by those who want something. There is no time in the multiplicity of business and household cares to read them in the leisurely fashion with which one follows articles of news and comments, looking for whatever of interest may turn up. But in the relaxation of Sunday—during the prolonged breakfast hour and in the quiet, lazy afternoons—the paper is read through and discussed in the family. Every advertisement it has is canvassed. Nothing it contains from leading to foot-rule is left unread. Inspired by such an audience advertisers who know how, make the trade columns as interesting and spicy as those of the news side, and this in turn increases the curiosity and the mental application of the reader. The result is seen in a rush of business Monday morning, which acts as a stimulus upon the trade of the week.

Sunday papers are comparatively new in Honolulu and the business classes are not fully awake to their opportunities. Those dealers who have either had experience in broader fields or are willing to draw conclusions from mainland Sunday journals are advertising freely. They and others may also find much to interest them in certain phases of the local situation. No one in Honolulu ever saw before such street sales as the Sunday Advertiser had last week; it may be doubted, moreover, whether any other newspaper ever had such a rush of subscriptions as that which followed the appearance of this journal. Where the people go advertisers may safely follow. And that the people are buying and reading the Sunday Advertiser is a fact of the commonest attestation.

The \$600,000 distributed by J. P. Morgan & Co., on New Year's day is one per cent of the profits attributed to his firm for 1902. As showing the growth of fortunes, a capital of \$20,000,000, thirty years ago, made A. T. Stewart one of the three richest men in America. Yet now a single firm deposits three times that sum as its profits for twelve months and gives away a fund equalling three per cent on Stewart's entire holdings. The billionaire class is not far off and the next half century may develop an American trillionaire.

## THE BYSTANDER

During the Morgan fire last week the watchful Jimmie saw a young man rushing out of his burning building with an armful of papers. Thinking that he was losing some costly assets, Jimmie collared the stranger and asked what he had? The young fellow handed the papers over with a crestfallen air and Morgan gave the gasp he has practiced for use in the auction room when a bid comes too low.

"Heavens, man!" he said. "Those are O. K.'d bills. I could have spared them better than anything else."

The Sunday Advertiser, unlike the mammoth first day magazines of the mainland press, keeps nobody from church, but over the pond the trouble is acute. When a man settles down to his morning magazine with columns upon columns of fresh news, a serial story or two, a page of special correspondence, sporting notes by the yard, pictures by the square foot and readable advertisements by the square rod, he sticks to it until far after church time. Instead of railing at the paper as preachers do—somewhat as the primitive Pope railed at the comet—it seems to me that the ministers ought to compete with it. In other words they ought to organize their pulpits after the fashion of the papers. Let the clergyman be the editor and let him have a dozen bright young pulpiteres as a staff. During the week some of the young fellows will scurry around observing life and getting the morals out of it. Others will post up on the religious and moral advances of Christendom. Another will get moving pictures of great events connected with church work in all countries. Another will do a little obituary. Still another, a man of good voice, will learn the latest church music. One will do a ten-minute illustrated stunt with missions. Then when Sunday morning comes the editor preacher will group all the attractions on his platform. For himself he will present a brief and pungent homily—his substitute for the morning leader. Then the rest of the staff will have about ten minutes each for their specialties. In an hour and a half the audience will have had a religious experience worth while and will come again for more, assuming that the managing preached doesn't let the proceedings run into a rut. One thing he should do is to exchange singers every Sunday with some other church; for if there is anything drearier than the same old preacher, droning in the same old way, it is the same old voices, cackling the same old lay.

Shakespeare made some remarks about the stuff that dreams are made of; but the members of the Honolulu Stock Exchange can give Shakespeare cards and spades and then beat him out with their eyes shut on telling about the stuff that telegrams are made of.

On Thursday I dropped in at the Exchange rooms to watch the boom. Posted on the door I saw an item which excited my news instincts, and I carefully copied it off in my note book. It read about like this:

"San Francisco, January 8th, 1903, 11:20 A. M.  
"To the Honolulu Stock Exchange, Honolulu:  
"Gentlemen: At the meeting of the San Francisco Stock Exchange held at 10:30 o'clock this morning there was bid for the shares of the following named Hawaiian sugar plantations, the sums set opposite their respective names, viz.:  
Hana Plantation Company.....\$ 4.00  
Hawaiian Commercial and Sugar Company.....45.25  
Honokaa Sugar Company.....14.75  
Hutchinson Plantation Company.....15.75  
Kilauea Sugar Company.....8.00  
Makaweli Sugar Company.....28.25  
Onomea Sugar Company.....23.00  
Paauhau Sugar Company.....16.75  
"Very truly yours,  
"R. G. BROWN,  
"President San Francisco Stock and Bond Exchange."

Just then the handsomest member of the Exchange invited me to come in and see the animals feed. Going in I was presented successively to the wisest member, the smartest member, the member who did the most business, the richest member and the member who skins the suckers. No names need be mentioned; you all know them. The member who combines all of the virtues enumerated offered me the cabigram to inspect a copy of which I was supposed to have just read on the door. I have heard about "cipher codes," and "expanded telegrams" and a "barrel of whitewash made of a spoonful of lime," but I never met one before, and it interested me. Perhaps it will you. Here is what I read:

"No. of words, 11. Jan. 8, 1903, 11:20 a. m.  
"From 6 Sanfran (collect). To Exchange, Honolulu.  
Lingual madhouse  
loathing lobster  
liripoop loveket  
longness locked  
"BROWN."

Then I pinched myself to see if I "had 'em," and lit out before they could catch me.

## CURRENT COMMENT

W. N. ARMSTRONG

Does the submarine cable increase our happiness? Artemas Ward asked a similar question in his study of life. "Air a man happier because he knows grammar?" Was Dr. Johnson right when he said that the causes of happiness and misery were often alike?

It is not easy to give a definition of happiness. When the venerable traveler, seated with the old driver on the stage coach, asked him: "Did you ever indulge in philanthropy?" the red-nosed holder of reins replied: "I don't know what that is; is it anything like beer, for instance?" We may not define happiness but may discuss its incidents.

To nine-tenths of the community, the cable is of no direct importance. Millions of people live on the mainland, who never use the wires. Mails are sufficient. Nor, can it be said to bring happiness to the business man. It is merely a part of the industrial organization, which complicates business life, by increasing its despatch, and setting the nerves of business men on edge. The old frigate was equipped with one donkey engine. The modern warship has a hundred engines and the engineer is distracted. The old conjurer kept three balls in the air, at the same moment. The modern business man must keep ten business balls in the air; he dare not let them drop.

The movement of civilization is towards the annihilation of time and space. What, in truth, is the ultimate gain by this annihilation? What is the value of instant knowledge? And what is really its effect on individual happiness? The cable is convenient, but how far does convenience make happiness? If all the improvements, discoveries and inventions of the last century positively increased our happiness one would now be pulling the door bell of the Millennial mansion. On the contrary, many say that we are not as happy as our grandfathers were: that the readjustment of things makes violent friction; that education increases the number of wants which cannot be supplied; and of course, a submarine cable adds to these wants. When the mother wires from San Francisco to her husband in London, "Baby has a new tooth," wherein does the happiness of the incident lie? Would the absent father be less happy, if he received the news by mail, fifteen days later? Is happiness really increased by the instant knowledge of an event? News in a newspaper office is stale if it is forty-eight hours old. Few read the President's message after it is a week old. An item, "The White House cat had six kittens this morning" is fresh and inspiring in comparison with the item of "A new contribution to science, the discovery of a star," if it is a month old.

The craving for the "latest news" is a species of disease, founded on unbridled curiosity rather than upon any wholesome thirst for knowledge. The personal relation dominates in our intercourse. Men and women are equally gossips, and prefer, above all things, to hear and talk about each other.

The details of a prize fight command in many papers the largest space. The perfection of telegraphy is reached when, on the wires leading from the "ring," is instantly flashed to every city and village of the continent, the direction and effect of every blow of the bruisers.

Herbert Spencer insists that our growth in physical comfort, our increasing command over the powers of nature, has little relation to our moral and intellectual improvement. He even claims that in many ways, we are sinking to a lower moral plane, as we multiply our wants for physical comforts.

Still, in the grand evolution, the gradual annihilation of time and space must work finally for the best civilization. It strikes at all national barriers, and unifies the thought of the world. In the end it will establish the universal nation, and the political maps of all countries will be rolled up, and put away. It is isolation which has divided men into nations. Cables close up the divisions.

An editorial in the last Sunday issue of this paper incidentally raises the question of the influence of diet on the disposition and temper; its value in producing fighting stuff. It suggested that the fighting people do not live on poi and bananas, and intimated that the Hawaiians were not a belligerent race, because of this food.

I do not know of any laboratory experiments in testing diet, though we shall soon have a report from Washington on tests in the use of adulterated food.

The fighting qualities are more dependent on racial inheritance than upon diet. A grass fed bull is as fierce in combat as a meat fed tiger.

The natives of the Marquesas, Fiji and New Zealand were fierce, and loved war. Their diet was largely poi and fruit. If the traditions of the Hawaiians are true, these people were a warlike race, and did a large business in pounding out each other's brains in a poi ration. For seventy-five years, at least, previous to the settlement of the Islands by the whites, the chiefs and kings of the different Islands were constantly at war with each other. Maui and Molokai were often invaded from Hawaii. Kalaunui, a chief of Hawaii, invaded Oahu and won a great victory in a battle of Waianae, but was defeated on his invasion of Kauai. Kauiki hill, near Hana, Maui, was a fortress which was taken and retaken in several wars. An important battle was once fought in Lahaina. At Waiakapu, Maui, Kalaunui led an army of six divisions against the King of Maui, with the war god Kaibi carried in front, and as the tradition says, "the feathered cloaks reflected the sunshine," while "the plumes of the helmets tossed in the wind," but he was badly defeated. In subsequent years Kamehameha I fought bloody battles at the Pali, Oahu, and in the Iao Valley, Maui. The accounts of these wars come down by tradition only, and were probably exaggerated in many cases. The native historian was not more trustworthy than the "reliable contraband," who had deserted from Gen. Lee's army, and was closely questioned by Gen. Grant. "Do you know how many men Gen. Lee has?" "I reckon I do," replied the reliable. "How many?" "Bout a thousand million, I reckon."

After discounting these traditions, it is certain that the wars were fierce and bloody, because they were hand to hand encounters. The traditions are that stump-speakers played a conspicuous part in the battles. Each army, in a pretense to the fight, sent one of its distinguished orators to the front, where he told the enemy what he thought of him, in the most vindictive and aggressive language, and with the exhibition of most insulting gestures. After the spell-binders had exhausted their vituperations, they fell back and the armies came to blows. If these preliminary literary exercises had been adopted by civilized nations, in their great wars, there would now be extant, a vast amount of war eloquence, such as the "Address delivered by the Orator of the Army of the Potomac before the battle of Antietam," an "Address delivered by the Orator of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia, before the battle of Chancellorsville," a "Speech delivered to the British before assaulting Bunker Hill."

Besides the influence of the diet, the power of the gods must be considered in the case of Hawaiian battles. No native scholar has left us any record of his reflections on the subject either in word or picture. Whether the proud idol carried in front of the legions was expected to strike fear into the hearts of the enemy, or stimulate the bravery of its followers, is not revealed by tradition. Nor do we know what the victorious army did with the idols of the defeated army? Did they respect them, or did they pitch them into the heaps of old junk?

One fact throws much light upon this question of a fighting diet. During the last year of our Civil War the Federal army was fed on an abundant meat diet which it did not always consume. The Confederate armies, from necessity, were reduced largely, and at times exclusively, to a corn meal diet. One of Stonewall Jackson's brigades subsisted mainly for months on green corn. During the protracted and fierce battles of the Wilderness the Confederate soldiers were only half fed. Braver fighting men never went to battle.

It is, perhaps, the racial stamina, and not the food, which measures the fighting qualities. The line between moral and physical courage is imperfect. One biologist may trace bravery back to its sources in meat, rice, or cabbage, another may discover it in inherited ideas, in moral attributes, which in some mysterious way permeate the physical system. This is the "sacred courage" which thrives on any diet. Perhaps in our next war, a poi fed kanaka regiment may demonstrate the value of this ration.

## PUBLIC OPINION

### SOUTH AMERICAN DEBTS.

Shrewd lawyers predict that the outcome of the naval demonstration will be the establishment of an arbitration commission to which all claims, American and French, as well as English and German, will be submitted for a critical examination. The superiority of a commission of this kind to a fleet under two flags as a collecting agency for miscellaneous debts, good, bad, and indifferent, is admitted by city men well versed in the methods of South American finance, in which face values are deceptive and extortionate rates of interest and loans forced on taxpayers are common expedients. Some of them will frankly admit that, while the general effect of the Venezuelan affair will be a salutary warning that foreign creditors must not be cheated, and that honesty is the best policy for tropical America.—London Corr. N. Y. Tribune.

### WANT THE CANTEN BACK.

The results which have followed the abolition of the canteen are so alarming that no real friend of the army can ignore them. Not one post-commander has reported any improvement in consequence of the change, while many report that it has resulted in a shocking increase of drunkenness, vice, and mental and physical degeneracy among the members of the enlisted force. The adjutant-general of the army, in his annual report, states that since the canteen was abolished intoxication and offenses due to intoxication have greatly increased, and he declares it as his serious opinion that the increase of desertions and of trials for infractions of discipline is due in large degree "to the abolition of the former privileges of the exchange."—Army and Navy Journal.

### AN UNINTERESTING HERO.

From the American point of view, General Kitchener is a hopeless sort of a hero. Since his return to London he has not announced his candidacy for the nomination for King. Whatever kissing he may have indulged in has been carefully screened from the public and the late correspondents. He has not rescued any maidens that fell from the dock, or tried to acquire a crown of political martyrdom by peddling secrets of the War Office. He has not asked for a court of inquiry to prove that he did not refuse to coal from a collier while he was gathering in the burgher commandos. In fact, he is an uninteresting sort of a hero, and does not appeal to the American imagination.—The Manila American.